

A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life
By LEROY SCOTT
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HE caught her into a fierce embrace. "That makes you two of a kind Oh, yes, you are coming along with me. You may not believe it, but you are. I've waited for you long enough!"

She stared silently to free herself. She dared not cry out for fear of bringing up a crowd from the Pekin; and the thick old rug under the movements of her feet would be sure to attract the attention of the class of those wily arms.

Then she leaned back as far as her arms would take her, and she looked at him as she had done that other time he had tried to kiss her ages ago down in the hallway. He accepted the blows with unflinching face, laughing; the range was too short for her fists to gain a really painful drive.

"Keep it up, Jen!" he taunted her. "I love it! For every time you land, I'm going to collect a kiss. So the more, the better!"

Panting, wordlessly, she fought him off. But his arms tightened, his face approached her inch by inch, and she did not know that she could hate with such fury as she hated that smiling, nearing, eager face.

And then, in her frantic fighting, she remembered that there was once a but- tress which rang a bell down in Jerry's office, a signal that he was wanted above. She slowly maneuvered toward it—reached it, laid her hand to the spot where it used to be—it was still there—and pressed it.

And then, just as it seemed that her last strength had gone and that Slim's hands would inevitably collect a kiss as his first token of victory, there were sounds at the door. The next instant she almost collapsed, so suddenly was she freed from the support of Slim's taut arms; and there was Slim, yanked backward by the great hand of her father clutching his collar, and there was her father's dark face, glowing convulsively upon him, and there closing the door was Uncle George.

CHAPTER XXXIII
Life Sets a Problem

BLACK JERRY shook Slim as though he were but a straw's weight. "What're you doing here?" and to his daughter, he grunted. "Whatever else he might be, Slim Jackson was no physical coward. Yet he paled at the fierce look in the dark face, at the tremulous, unleashed power in the big body of the man he thought he had got safely out of the way. He knew his life hung in the balance. Nevertheless, Slim kept his wits. He realized instantly that he had to stake it all upon a bold play—upon a possibility that might no longer exist.

"Slow down, Jerry, you're seeing this thing all wrong," he said. "Jennie and I were waiting for you, and now we've just got into one of our old-time scraps."

"Don't try any bunk on me!" Jerry warned him. "Don't feel too confident just because I'm holding you by your collar instead of your throat. I may want to kill you, and if I held you by the throat the fingerprints would show—and if I ever kill you nothing's going to show. So you'd better change your nature, Slim, and spill out a little truth!"

There was, indeed, Slim saw, nothing for him but to continue to play what might be a long chance. "Honey," Jerry, it's just like I said, Jennie and I simply got to scrapping the way we used to do. Ask Jennie."

"It didn't look like it!" retorted Jerry. But he turned to his daughter. "How about it, Jennie?"

Jennie hesitated. Slim watched her breathlessly. At that instant Jennie felt not so much fear on her own behalf as fear of what her father might do and its consequences to him.

"It's just as Slim said," she man- aged to say. "We've fought our- selves and began scrapping—just as we were kids again."

"Are you sure about that?" Jerry demanded of Jennie in his tense gruff- ness. "You know I've sometimes thought he's the guy that's been black- mailing you. If he is, say the word and he'll never trouble you or move. Uncle George will first help you make your getaway back uptown where you belong. After you're gone, I'll twist Slim's neck and let him slide down the stairway. Nobody'll ever prove but what it was an accidental fall down the stairway that broke his neck. How about it, Jennie? I know he's a crook, and has always been a crook—but is he the man?"

Again Slim held his breath. And again Jennie did not answer for an instant. She saw relief, instant relief, from all the danger to herself that Slim personified.

But again she thought chiefly of her

father. She remembered how the charge of a double murder of which he was innocent had darkened all his life. With such a character as he already bore and the charge of another murder which might be made against him, why— "No, Slim, I'm not the man," she in- terrupted her swift thoughts to say. "You're sure about that?"

"I'm sure, dad,"

"Well, I'm not so sure," granted Jerry. He turned again on Slim. "What did you come up here for?"

Slim's courage was now well in hand. "That's simple, Jerry. I came be- cause Jennie asked me to. She said she wanted to see you again, and the old place. She asked me because she wanted company and I was the only one of her present friends who knew who she really was. That's all there is to it."

"Is that so, Jennie?" Black Jerry de- manded.

"Yes, dad," she answered.

"I'm not so sure about that either," he returned. "I guess you remember how many times I've ordered you not to take the risk of coming around me. It made her side all this lying to save Slim Jackson. But then she was really lying to save her father. 'I remember, dad—but I just wanted to see you.' There was something Slim had been wondering about since Black Jerry's unexpected entrance—that message of his which should have kept Jerry up- town. 'But there's one thing I don't just get, Jerry. Jennie said you'd be sure to be in at this time, but we've been hanging around here half an hour. Where the devil have you been?—that's what Jennie doesn't understand.'

"I've been downstairs in my office with Uncle George here all the time till that bell rang—except for a few minutes."

"Slim tried to make his query seem casual. 'Except for a few minutes?' Jerry addressed Uncle George, his tone meditative. "That message I got from you saying you wanted me to meet you uptown still seems mighty strange—when you never sent it, and yet when you actually did want to see me."

"It certainly is some coincidence," agreed Uncle George.

"Those few minutes you were out must have been when we came in," remarked Slim. "When was that?"

"About an hour ago," replied Jerry. "I had just started uptown to meet Uncle George like the message said, when I bumped into Uncle George com- ing down to see me."

"Just got an idea, Jerry," said Uncle George. "That message may have been sent by some friend of Harry Edwards who didn't dare show his hand."

"Harry Edwards?" Jennie exclaimed.

"Yes, Harry Edwards is what we've been talking about," the old man an- swered slowly. "And we'd decided that I was to manage to meet you somewhere and put the situation up to you. But since you're here, I guess we might as well talk the situation over now."

"What situation, Uncle George?" she breathed.

"Wait a minute," interposed Black Jerry. "Want to talk with Slim around?"

"I guess there can't be much Slim doesn't know already or won't know soon," replied the old man with a gaze of disfavor on Slim. "But it helps my eyes when I don't have to look on him and the breathing seems easier. Sup- pose you just shove him into one of the bedrooms—it doesn't matter much if he does hear; he may be handy to take Jennie home when we're through."

Black Jerry gripped Slim's arm and started him toward a door. "Come along!"

"Needn't use force, Jerry," Slim protested pleasantly. "Glad to be your guest as long as you like. Drawing out a thin cigarette case of filigreed silver he passed into what had been Jennie's room in the years gone by. Jerry closed the door, locked it, and pocketed the key.

"We'd better all have a chair," sug- gested Uncle George. "There's quite a bit to say."

They all sat down, and Jennie waited tensely. There was a moment or two of silence, the two men regarding Jen- nie steadily.

Uncle George broke the silence. "It sure is one hell of a proposition," he said in a slow, grave voice.

"But you haven't told me yet what the proposition is," cried Jennie.

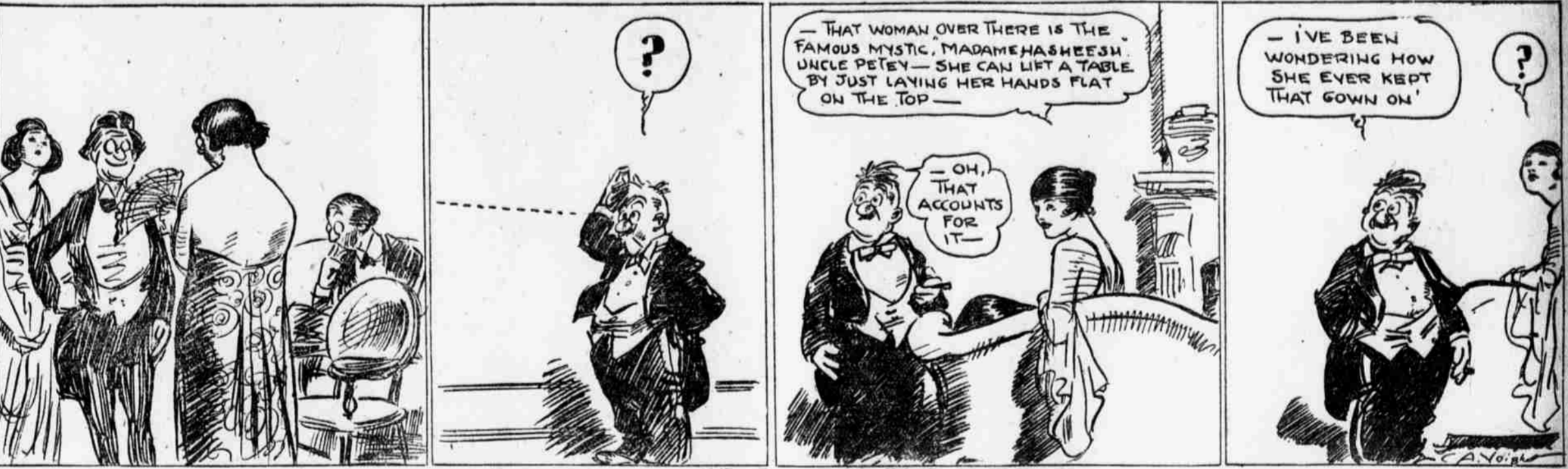
"Years ago," Uncle George went on as if she had not spoken, "Jerry and I tried to manage your life for you. You were only a kid then, so our but- ting in was all right. But you're a grown woman now, and we feel you've got to decide the business for yourself. It's about Harry Edwards I'm talking. You know how things stand with him?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS—Enough Is Too Much for Andy



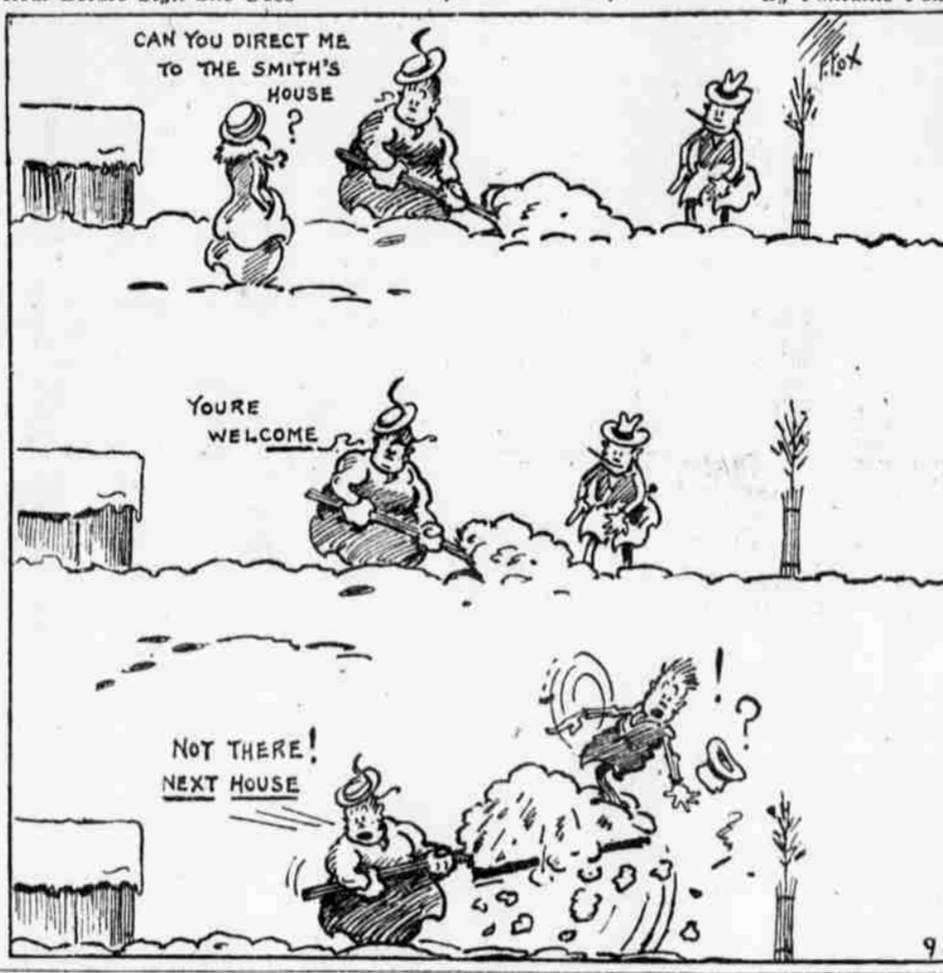
PETEY—There Must Be a Lot of 'Em!



The Young Lady Across the Way



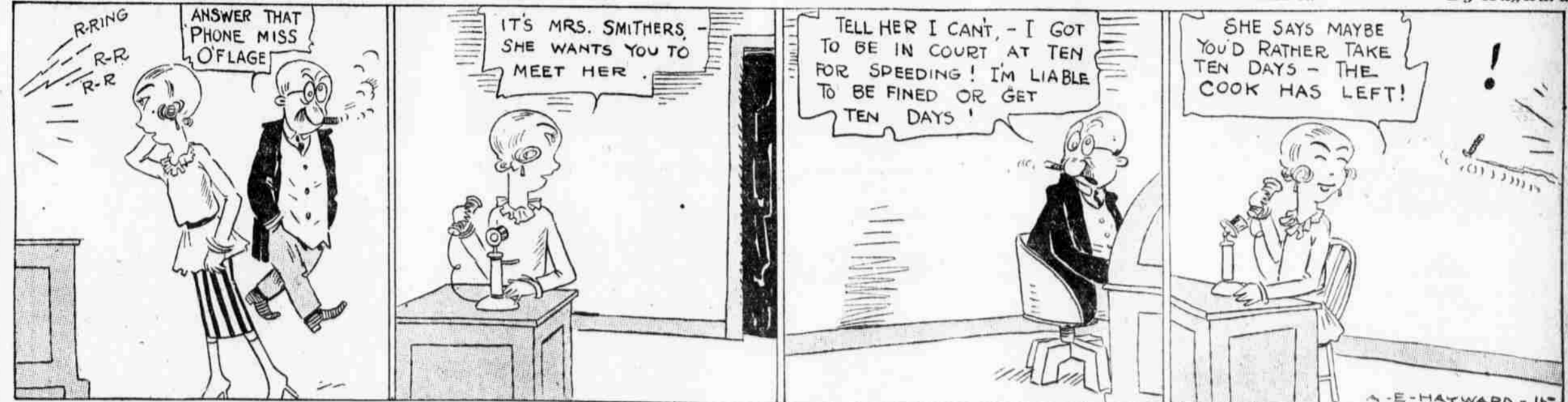
The Powerful Katrinka Could Easily Handle a Much Bigger Snow Shovel Than the Real Estate Sign She Uses



"CAP" STUBBS—That Letter Will Put Her in a Good Humor



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Boss Has His Chance



DOROTHY DARNIT—Mortimer's Head Would Be Useful in a Mahogany Yard



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY
"THE WITCH'S TRICKS"

(Peggy, Billy, Betsy Sam, Johnny Ball are carried to the Moon on the broomstick of the little old witch. There they are surrounded by queer creatures.)

The Man in the Moon

THE moon folks who swarmed around Peggy and Billy were the oddest things the children had ever seen. They had shining round heads, shining round bodies, shining round legs, shining round arms, shining round eyes, shining round noses. They sparkled in the light of the sun, looking like gleaming silver. But when they dragged Peggy and Billy and the three animals into the gloom of the telescope tunnel from which they had come, the shine all went out of them and they became as dull appearing as pieces of gray coal.

The whole party shot down the tunnel as though they were in an elevator, landing lightly on a large cushion in the center of an immense chamber. This chamber was ablaze with light, the rays of the sun pouring into it through hundreds of windows in the ceiling.

Here the moon folks flashed out as brilliantly as before, their queer round bodies catching the sun's rays and reflecting them back. And in the chamber were other moon folks, all just as sparkling as these first ones. They were so bright they fairly dazzled the eyes of Peggy and Billy, and it wasn't for a moment or more that the children could see a huge diamond throne at one side of the chamber. On this throne was seated a creature more queer than all the others. His head was bigger and shinier, and his body was very small.

"The Man in the Moon!" exclaimed Billy.

"La, la! To be sure I am the Man in the Moon," beamed the creature on the throne. "And who are you who have come flying into my kingdom?"

"We are children from the earth, please kind sir," said Peggy in her most polite manner, being anxious to please the man in the moon, for, while he looked good-natured, she didn't know what mood he might change. She had heard that the moon kept changing all the time.

"Children from the earth!" shouted the Man in the Moon, staring at them in amazement through his round, shining eyes. "Don't tell me stories like that! You are only dream folks. The earth is 230,000 miles away. The only

(Tomorrow will be told about the show of the Dancing Moonbeams.)